

# Public Enemy Lyrics

"Unstoppable"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[*Flavor Flav*]

Aiyyo man, ya yo yo yo

I'm tryin ta stay away from it but it won't stay away from me

[*KRS-One*]

You better ask yourself

What do you want, what do you need, what will you find

Don't be afraid, don't fall asleep, open your mind

I hope this rhyme gets you in time and space, come to a different place

Where you hear spiritual lyrical knowledge and you're face to face

like welfare, and these rappers lyrics they need help there

Does KRS represent heaven? Hell yea

Let me take you elsewhere, where you stand, there's a curse there

for sure, unless you're mature, grow up

If you're immature, then you're livin sinister

You reject the words of the minister

You better get witcha Qu'Ran or bible, you won't be livin long

if you're livin idol, the t'cha, that's my title

Shakin it up, wakin it up, makin it up, breakin it up

Takin it up higher, no liar, you can't deny the

Public Enemy, with the public enema

I gets way up in your buttocks, I rocks cause it's hip-hop

The long-laster, Chuck D with BlastMurderer

I know you heard of the word I be swervin and servin ya

Alertin ya, while splurtin a divine speech

Slow the party down so I can spit it

To each I teach mystic lyric, don't stop, you can get it

You better hear it.. battle? Quit it!

[*Chuck D*] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc

[*KRS-One*] Unstoppable

[*Griff*] Runnin the game, Chuck and Kris

[*KRS-One*] Unstoppable, bet you didn't know they had grip

[*together*] Unstoppable

[*Chuck D*] You don't wanna take this risk

[*Chuck D*] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc

[*together*] Unstoppable

[*KRS-One*] You don't wanna take the risk!

[*Chuck D*]

Can the black hear his stepchild, run the mile

Forever like a juvenile, to stay alive

Survivin in the freestyle, yo hold it down

Walkin on the wild side, to live or die

Damn another slow song

Yo Money put the recrod back the FUCK on

No respect for the Usual Suspects, mad teens  
pourin fire on the gasoline, defeat fiends  
    Feelin like fever, I'm gettin warm  
Chalk marks in the rainstorm, children of the gone  
    lost and forgotten, minds rotten  
The arcade shot em, Channel Zero on the TV got em  
    If you don't love yourself you can't love nobody  
    If you don't know yourself, then you nobody  
Do your thing, no bang, in the same damn gang  
    I never sang, I'm back, but I transmit slang  
    Silence in the face of violent crews  
My rhymes and news be blacker than most blues  
Troublein, it all come tumblein, for the strugglin  
    occupations, daily operations stimulations  
causin mental violations, minds on vacation  
    In the middle of Revelation is a nation

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